

HER SNOW MAN

By CLARISSA MACKIE

(Copyright.)

"I simply can't stay indoors," declared Alicia with her straight little nose pressed against the window pane. "It's too tempting out there!"

It was an alluring world outside the dignified walls of the Preble mansion. The heavily crusted snow sparkled like a carpet of brilliant white. Inside the Preble grounds the dark tree trunks made black splashes against the brightness, but beyond the iron fence there stretched a rolling field of scintillating whiteness. There had been a heavy snow fall followed by a hard freeze. All day long the school children had been coasting on the hill next door to the Preble place. Alicia's aunt, Miss Harriet Preble, had expressed pleasure when she heard that the hill would be deserted that night—Emma, the cook, had announced that the whole town were to participate in an ice carnival on Barker's mill pond.

"I'm very glad indeed," said Miss Harriet severely. "I know I could not sleep with that continual roar of descending sleds rushing past my windows."

"I'm rather sorry," admitted Alicia timidly. "It was such fun to watch them."

"My dear Alicia, I am surprised you could find amusement in anything so juvenile as coasting. It is such a masculine sport that I never was permitted to indulge in it."

A dimple came into Alicia's demure cheek. A vision of stiff-necked Aunt Harriet coasting down Preble hill almost overcame her awe of the steel-bound maiden lady who had been her guardian since her orphaned childhood.

"What are you smiling at, Alicia?" asked Miss Preble sharply. "I was wondering if any of the Prebles had ever coasted down that hill," replied Alicia, her dancing eyes fixed on her plate.

"Of course your father did when he was a lad—his sled is up in the garret now. It was considered a very fast one—your grandfather bought it in New York." Miss Preble's face softened wonderfully and then stiffened as she saw the eager interested look in her niece's eyes. "That was all very well for boys, but I consider it exceedingly improper for females to indulge in such sport—and very wrong to encourage it as you did this afternoon by waving your handkerchief whenever those girls led in the races down the hill. I am going to bed at once, Alicia, as I have a severe headache—no you can do nothing for me, thank you. Be sure to go to bed at ten o'clock."

"Good night, Aunt Harriet—I wish I could do something to help your poor head," said Alicia as she returned the cold pecking kiss of her only relative with a pressure of warm young lips.

Miss Preble had retired to her room, and if she had been any one but a Preble of Little River one might have said that she snored.

Alicia was standing there by the library window looking out into that world of white magic. The house was very still—the servants had obtained leave to go to the ice carnival and Alicia was practically alone.

"I simply can't stay indoors!" declared Alicia once more, and with that declaration all the old-fashioned rules which had cramped her upbringing were irrevocably shattered. A hither-to unknown boldness took possession of her.

She flew up the thickly carpeted stairs, through the hall past Aunt Harriet's closed door and gained the attic stairway. She shivered as a little icy blast came down from the cold space under the roof.

Up in the attic it was almost as light as day. The dormer windows admitted the moonlight in floods that left only the corners unilluminated. She knew in which corner were the playthings that her father had owned when a boy. She had seen the sled once years ago, but that was before this new spirit of youth had taken hold of her.

In a few seconds she had it in her eager hands and was carrying it down the steep stairs. It was a heavy sled, brightly painted and bearing the name "Clipper" in gold letters on the top.

Presently Alicia stood out in the front path with the little sled dragging behind her. She had slipped into a long warm coat and had drawn a knitted cap over her bright hair and red mittens on her little hands. A pair of fur-lined boots completed the costume she had donned for this daring expedition into the snowy world.

Alicia Preble was to break all precedent in the Preble family. She was the first female of the family to indulge in the masculine pastime of coasting down hill.

She gained the snow field next door and found a promising hill that sloped away from the Preble mansion. For an instant she poised on the top of the hill, gazing out over the bare white fields below; marveling at the stillness of the place. Then she sat down with her feet braced against the little iron bar, tucked in her skirts well and flew down the icy hill.

It was a breathless period of exquisite flight through the frosty air. The walk to the top of the hill was nothing.

Again and again Alicia sped on her solitary trip to the bottom of the hill. She knew that she ought to return to the house before Aunt Harriet should

awake and call for her. But she was intoxicated with this new sport, and was loath to give it up.

At last she started up the hill after another breathless slide when she stopped short.

Half way up the slope there stood a white figure. It was a few yards to the left of the icy track and she had not noticed it before.

"How strange I did not see that snow man," thought Alicia as she neared it. "I wonder if I could hit it with a snowball!"

Alice could and did hit the white figure squarely in the head with a large icy ball.

To her surprise and horror the figure moved, and came towards her, uttering a startled exclamation.

"Oh!" cried Alicia, terrified by the situation. "What is it? What have I done?"

"Not very much harm," laughed a pleasant masculine voice. "Allow me to congratulate you on your excellent aim and the power of your right arm!"

"I don't understand—I thought you were a snow man, really, I did! I am so sorry," apologized Alicia as the snow man paused before her and she could realize that he was real flesh and blood, clad in handsome furs of Arctic whiteness from head to foot.

"Pray do not have the slightest anxiety on my account. Really, I suppose I do deserve chastisement for my curiosity in watching your exuberant joyousness in coasting down hill all alone. As a matter of fact I have just returned to Little River after five years spent in Africa, and this is the first snow I've seen in all that time. I simply couldn't stay indoors and so I hunted out an old sled I had when a boy and I've been coasting all alone until you came out. Then I stood over there by the edge of the wood and watched you. Say, you were having the time of your life!" He spoke with boyish enthusiasm.

"I've never coasted before," admitted Alicia, her well-trained discretion quite banished by his frankness.

"We've always spent the winters in town, but Aunt Harriet's rheumatism has—"

"Aunt Harriet Preble?" interrupted the snow man eagerly.

"Yes," said Alicia. "Do you know her?"

"Yes, indeed. I'm Dick Maynard from the house next door to the Preble place. Are you the little girl who used to play with dolls under the trees and run like a scared rabbit when Aunt Harriet called you?" There was a tinge of amused tenderness in his tone for any little girl who had suffered Miss Preble's upbringing.

"I'm Alicia Preble," said she, ignoring his remarks about her aunt. Then she proceeded to tell him all about her escapade of this evening and how scandalized her Aunt Harriet would be if she only knew—and she might discover her absence any moment.

"Might as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb, then," remarked Dick Maynard. "It's only 9:30 now. Won't you come and slide down hill with me once or twice? You may never have another chance in your life."

"I believe I will," agreed Alicia recklessly.

Ten times they flew down the glistening slope, laughing and chattering like children.

Then Alicia took her sled and went home alone, while Dick Maynard watched her with delighted eyes. "If the old lady scolds her for this I'll elope with the darling!" he muttered.

But Aunt Harriet didn't scold. She didn't know anything about the escapade, though she wondered at the new look of happiness in Alicia's eyes.

"I'm afraid she's been reading exciting books," worried Miss Harriet.

Alicia was wonderfully happy because Dick Maynard was coming to call upon Miss Harriet Preble that afternoon. It is a matter of history that Alicia did not coast again until after she and Dick were married.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE KAISER

German Emperor's Deep and Sincere Religious Convictions Are Shown in This Scroll.

In the workroom of Kaiser Wilhelm hangs a scroll on which is set forth the philosophy of the emperor. A translation of the scroll from German into English reads:

"To be strong in sorrow; not wishing for that which is unattainable or worthless; content with each day as it comes; seeking for the good in everything and enjoying nature and mankind as it is; finding solace in one happy hour for a thousand bitter ones, and always giving the best that is in one even though no thanks are received. Who learneth that lesson is happy, free and proud, and his life will be a beautiful one. But he who mistrusts only wrongs others and harms himself. It is our duty to consider everyone good until the contrary is proved. The world is so large and we are so small—everything cannot possibly revolve around ourselves. If something injures us or causes us pain, who knows but what it is necessary for the good of the whole creation? The great, wise will of the Almighty and Omnipotent Creator manifests itself in everything, animate or inanimate, in this world; we petty human beings lack only the wisdom to comprehend it. As everything is, so should it be, in this world; and no matter how it is, it is always good in the eyes of the Creator."

Well Defined.
Little Alice—What is an incongruity, uncle?
Uncle William—An incongruity, child, is a divorce lawyer humming a wedding march.—Satire.

Nature.
Nature imitates herself. A grain thrown into good ground brings forth fruit. A principle thrown into a good mind brings forth fruit. Everything is created and conducted by the same Master—the root, the branch, the fruits, the principles, the consequences.—Pascal.

The Point of Surprise.
"Did you notice the man over there who took off his hat to the lady he met and begged pardon so politely for stepping on her dress?"

"Why, what is so remarkable about such ordinary politeness?"

"But, man alive, she's his wife!"—Baltimore American.

His Friendship.
He—I know how this catastrophe has crippled you, and as one of your oldest friends I should like to help you. I will buy your furniture for 300 francs. She—You're very kind, but I've just sold it for 325 francs. He—What? You allowed yourself to be robbed like that?—Pele Mele.

Which?
Bacon—Did you ever notice how long a woman is in coming to a point? Eggbert—Well, do you mean when she is telling a story or sharpening a lead pencil?—Yonkers Statesman.

Let parents bequeath to their children not riches, but the spirit of reverence.—Plato's Laws.



Just try it and see how satisfactory. The whole of the wheat properly baked in the sweetest of surroundings. Fresh bread daily and always a bit better than the best baked elsewhere. Feather-light, yet full weight—and ALL the other good points kneaded in. Try ours.

A. HEIM,
Confectioner, Caterer,
Ice Cream.

BLOOMFIELD CENTRE BAKERY
Phone 628.



Getting There Promptly

is one of the things we do in our work. Doing things right after we get there is another. We use expert labor and first class material.

We Like to Estimate

on new work, and will be glad to have you call on us.

Arthur & Stanford,
547 Bloomfield Avenue.

Arnold T. Ernst. Oscar J. Rees.

Ernst & Rees,
Plumbing, Heating and Tinning Contractors.

Hot Water, Steam and Hot Air Heating, Gas Fitting, Sheet Metal Working.

29 SPRING STREET,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
Phone Connection.

ANDREW SANDEE,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER.

Hardwood and Parquet Floors
ALL KINDS OF JOBBING.

Estimates Cheerfully Given. First-class Work.
46 STATE STREET, Bloomfield, N. J.

TO MAKE AN IDEAL TOWN.

Movement Suggested in Which Everybody May Assist.

SANITATION A BIG FEATURE.

Public Baths, Clean Streets and Yards Are Necessities and Will Greatly Help Town's Progress—Good School and Playground For the Children.

What is the secret of that wave of town and city improvement effort which is so conspicuously sweeping over the country? Civic improvement has always been a need, not less great at the beginning than now, though only in recent years has it led to energetic action. At the present time the movement is continuous wide and has enlisted all sorts and conditions of people.

Has one business or industrial interests? Civic improvement facilitates the transportation of merchandise by street and rail and water. It lessens wear and tear by the improvement of pavements; it broadens markets by the attraction of residents, transient and permanent; it increases the efficiency of labor by the provision of a more wholesome environment and the opportunities for healthful but inexpensive recreation.

Has one interest in sanitation? Pure air, pure food and pure water are among its objects, and better housing is one of its first desires. Public baths, clean streets, clean yards, are included in its propaganda, and it is one of the best things for the betterment of towns.

Has one love for little children? The child is the special ward of the civic improvement effort. For him the playground is equipped; for him the school is made healthful, efficient, beautiful without and within; for him are the swimming holes in the parks, the skating ponds and toboggan slides, the ball grounds, the inter-playground meets, and for the little mother are story telling, sewing and singing, the swing, the flowers, and for her charges the sand box. Civic improvement paints out the sign of "Keep Off the Grass."

Does one look back instead of forward? The worthy landmarks of the past are preserved, the historic sites are marked, and the beauty of earlier architecture is revered.

Is one's interest in sociology? The playground, the park, the better housing, make their appeal. The social center, the recreation house with its evening entertainments, the better factory surroundings, the folk dance, the many and various activities which are included in the growing social service of the parks, even the civic club itself in its essential democracy—all this is effort that will not be denied and will tend to attract settlers to the towns.

Is one's interest in landscape art? There are the parks, the ornamental squares and open spaces, the improvement of grounds surrounding public and private buildings and the preservation of viewpoints and natural beauty.

Is one rich? To him appeal the drives, the increased splendor of environment, the great avenues. Is one poor? For him are the public gardens, the vacant lot cultivation and all that beauty and comfort and pleasure which are proffered to the citizens as a common possession.

Does one love animals? The drinking fountains on the streets, the sheep on park meadows, the birds and waterfowl, even the zoo and aviary, make him a recruit.

Is one a craftsman? There are the street furnishings to interest him—name signs, light standards, trolley poles, all the fixtures of the common way.

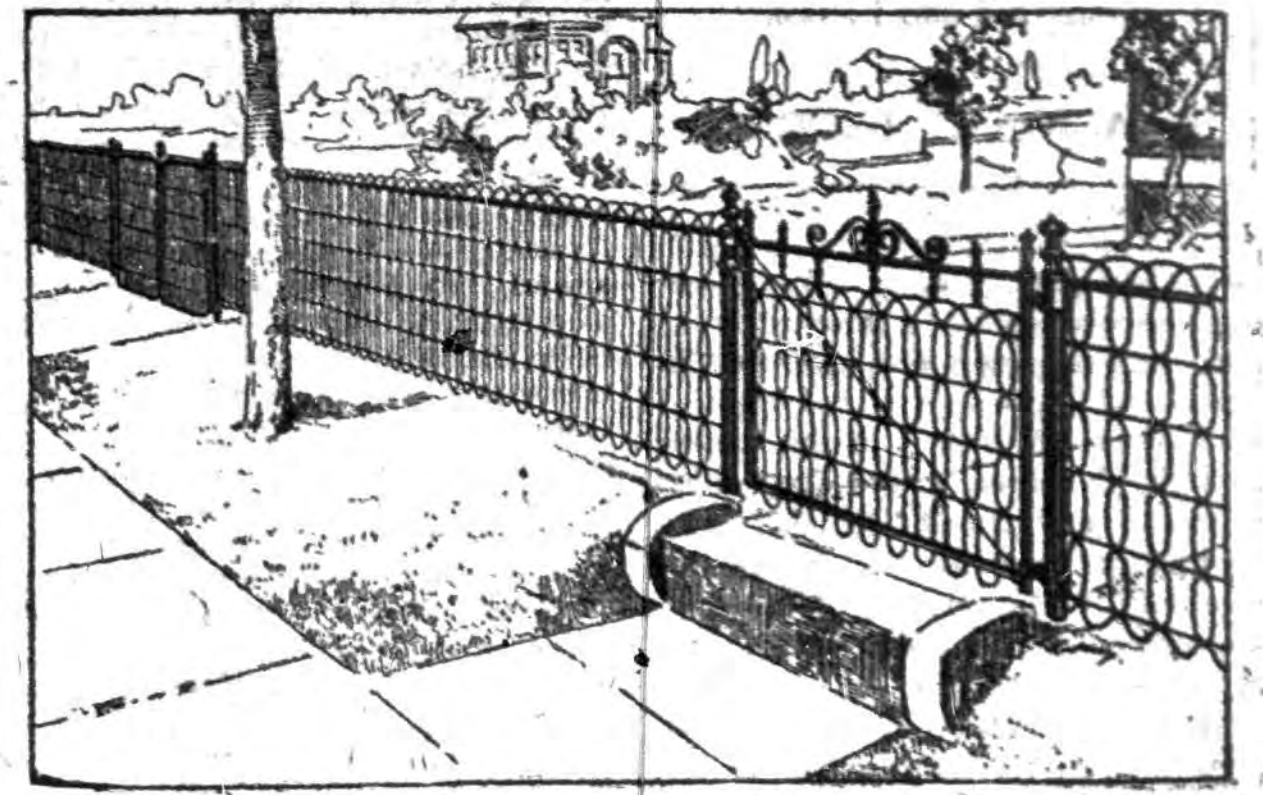
Does one without pretending to art, yet loving beauty and grace and fitness, feel affection for the town and city where men congregate and desire to surround with pleasantness the lives of the people? He may enter the billboard fight, join the anti-smoke leagues, encourage the preventive work of the juvenile street cleaning organizations, join the tree planting societies and work to secure municipal control of the street trees and expert care for them.

Pure Milk and Meat Ordinance Drafted.
The draft of the proposed milk and meat ordinance for Fort Worth, Tex., has been prepared by Dr. Bittick, the pure food inspector, and it will be acted on by the city commission at an early date. The ordinance aims to insure strict sanitary condition of all meat and milk offered for sale to the public and will be rigidly enforced, it is said, after its adoption. While the ordinance will provide for wholesome and sanitary meat, it will deal principally with the handling and sale of milk and the cleanliness of dairies. It also provides for the rigid inspection of milk cows for tuberculosis and for the rejection of such as are found to be infected.

New Power Plant Completed.
The current of the hydroelectric power plant that is to be used for illuminating Bedford City, Va., has been turned on. The water power for the plant is located at Snowden's dam, on the James river. The line extends a distance of about twenty-two miles, and the power generated now is about 750 horsepower, which can be increased if desired. The cost of construction is estimated at about \$125,000.

Fences For All Purposes.

From Factory to You
A Postal Brings Representative.



MADE AND ERECTED BY

Sleeth Manufacturing Company

366 Cortland St., Belleville, N. J.

Tel. 2498 Belleville.

See Our Exhibit at the Newark Industrial Exposition.

MONTCLAIR ACADEMY

Walden Place

Montclair, N. J.

THE LOWER SCHOOL corresponding to the first seven grades of the public school. Small classes, manual training, military drill, special gymnasium work.

THE UPPER SCHOOL corresponding to the eighth grammar and the high school grades. Capital college preparatory work, individual attention, excellent commercial course. Gymnasium, swimming pool.

Illustrated catalogue on application to

J. G. MacVICAR
Headmaster

BAMBERGERS
THE ALWAYS BUSY STORE
MARKET & HALSEY STS.

800 DRESS SKIRTS FRESH FROM THE MAKER

Women's 5.00 and 6.00 Panama, Cheviot, Mohair, Serge and Skirts of Fancy Mixtures to Sell at 2.98

Another big purchase! Another big sale! "Will Bamberger's ever stop?" you ask. No, madam, just as long as we can buy as worthy merchandise as this at such an underprice, just as long as we can save you money, Bamberger's will continue to bring to you remarkable values. We would consider it a gross injustice to you were we to neglect an opportunity whereby our patrons would profit so liberally. Now as to these skirts: The lot is made up of Panamas, serges, mohairs, chevots and fancy mixtures in black, navy, brown, hair-line stripes and other new patterns. Every skirt is well tailored and will fit as perfectly and drape as beautifully as every woman wants her skirts. The maker fully intended for these skirts to sell for \$5 and \$6—and from the standpoint of worth they should. But in winding up his season these 800 remained unsold. He decided to take a big loss to close them out immediately and naturally turned to the great Bamberger store as an outlet. Madam, the skirts are beautiful. They are as pretty dress garments as any woman wants. Certainly you will buy two or three.

Women's 5.00 and 6.00 Dress Skirts 2.98

Goods Delivered Free.

L. BAMBERGER & CO., Newark